



SKETCHY MEMORIES
OF ETON.



THACKER, SPINK AND CO.,
CALCUTTA.

Melville Leslie Macnaughten.

One of the Chief Constables of Metrop. Police
at Scotland yard, and formerly an
Indigo Planter in Bengal.



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1866—1872.

BY

“ M A C . ”

CALCUTTA:

THACKER, SPINK AND CO.

1885.

P R E F A C E.



SOME of my pleasantest hours in Bengal have been passed with old Eton boys, in the recollection of old Eton stories, and if these slender sketches of Eton, from September 1866 to Election, 1872, interest or amuse any of my old contemporaries, I shall feel that a few of my idle Indian minutes have not been ill-spent.

“MAC.”



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DEDICATED

TO MY TRIED AND TRUE FRIEND

“CHARLIE” H. MOORE,

A VERY FINISHED TYPE OF WHAT AN OLD ETON BOY
SHOULD BE.

SKETCHY MEMORIES OF ETON.

I DON'T know whether all old Etonians think of their school as often and as lovingly as I do ; but it is an undeniable fact that a boy, on going to Eton, becomes, intuitively and instinctively, imbued with the spirit of the place ; that the hours he spends at the old school are not only the happiest in his life, but that he is conscious of this fact at the time ; that, throughout life, he is proud of having been at Eton, and that, whenever and wherever he hears our grand old boating ballad sung, he chimes in with "And nothing on earth shall sever the chain that is round us now" with a truthful intensity that comes straight from his heart.

Far be it from me to decry other public schools. I know what good men and true they, each and all, turn out ; but this I maintain, that other public schoolboys do not have the same *continuous* love for their respective "*almæ matres* ;" they may,

and often do, tolerate their seats of learning in the present, and get up a sort of quasi-enthusiasm in the past, but *our* steadfast feeling of love and devotion is not for them. To know Eton is to love her, and that love lasts as long as life itself. I remember, at an Eton Dinner in Calcutta, being told by a middle aged and unsentimental—though most dashing and hard-riding—cavalry officer, that he believed our love for the school was, in great measure, owing to the extreme natural beauty of the place. I think there is something more than this; I think that there are good honest feelings of many centuries which the Genius Loci hands down from generation to generation, and that, on a boy's leaving, the said Genius Loci may be represented as coming to him as he lays himself down for the last time on his funny little turn-up bed, and saying to him something of the following sort as writ by Thackeray—

“Go forth, essay the World's great prize;
Go strive and conquer if you can,
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.”

And if we have tried to learn this “saying lesson,” and if we hope to be able to repeat it by heart, on our death beds, to the Great Master, then I think we have good reason to throw up our

hats on every succeeding 4th of June and cry aloud :

“Floreat Etona. Esto perpetua.”

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SCENE.—*The South-Western Railway Station, Windsor. Time, 4-30 p.m. On a cold afternoon in late September.* Discovered one big boy colleger, and one little boy oppidan, taking leave of their parents. Myself, the little oppidan, very proud of my new hat and Eton jacket, and looking (may I be forgiven !) somewhat askance at my dear old father's by-no-means-smart chimney pot ; the dear old father taking me aside for two minutes, and giving me much the same advice as was given to Tom Brown on his entering Rugby,—“to try and avoid doing anything of which I should be ashamed to let my mother and sisters know,” than which, I venture to think, no better advice could be given to a boy on his entering a large public school. Kisses to both parents, a little shyly to the father, and most lovingly to the mother, and then the train moves out of the Station, and we hurry down town. My brother leaves me in my room at my tutor's, and I watch him going back to college under a particular lamp, beneath which I knew he must pass, and then turn aside to contemplate the magnificence of my own apartment,

feeling a little homesick and anxious, albeit proud of my position as an Eton boy.

“My tutor” sends round a kind of circular order that the new boys are to have tea with him, and down we go. Dear, kind old tutor! how I learnt to love you afterwards; but, bless me! how awestruck I was that first evening by your loud, though somewhat indistinct and burbling, utterance, and by the extraordinary manner in which you parted your hair, the parting being constructed so as just to semicircle the right ear, and the “cæsaries” so arranged that if each particular hair lay on the skull, and not one on the top of another, no special baldness was visible. I remember some one spilling a cup of tea, and being called a “vile child,” the which I subsequently learnt was a very frequent term of mild reproach, and had no particular reference to the age of the individual to whom it was addressed. As a proof of this I may add that, being at Eton for the Winchester Match in 1883, *I* (*moi-qui-vous-parle*, height 6 feet 2 inches, and weight 14st. 7lbs.) was called a “vile child” for being on a committee to oppose a certain obnoxious Indian Bill! I wasn’t sorry when tea was over, although many most pleasant evenings did I afterwards spend in that room. The tea parties were always on Sundays,

and the feast invariably consisted of cold chicken and tongue, and boiled eggs. I was reminded of this fact, two years ago, by Harry Tufnell, then travelling in India. He and I had been bid to the banquet one evening, and finding no one in the room, I addressed him, standing with my back to the open door, and mimicking my tutor's tones as nearly as possible, "Harry, will you have cold fowl and tongue, or boiled eggs?" Either I was a shocking bad mime, or my tutor was the most forgiving of mortals, for echo answered pleasantly behind me, "curiously enough, Mac, I believe those are the very viands prepared for this evening's entertainment."

The curiosity would have been in the provision of any other fare !

.

I was always passionately fond of cricket, and never hesitated in my choice between dry-bobbing and wet-bobbing. My love for the game received a stimulus in my first summer half from the fact that we won the Lower Boy Cup. The match was a curious one, and we were victors by only one run, our last adversary being *run out* amidst a scene of excitement, such as, I thought at the time, the world had never before produced. Our opponents in the final were Mr. Brownings, captained by George

Longman, who got in the Eleven the year afterwards, played four years for Eton, and subsequently four years for Cambridge. He was ably backed up by G. H. Cammell, who also played in the Eton Elevens of 1870—1871.

Our captain was 'Joe' Luncheonby, but our great gun was poor old Pickersgill Cunliffe, who was a most dangerous, though somewhat erratic left-hand, bowler. He died on his estate in Yorkshire, of typhoid fever, some years ago; and, while the memory of 'Joe' Luncheonby is with me, I must narrate a little slip which he made in trials for Middle Division. 'Joe' was ever better in the playing-fields than in the pupil-room, and divinity was never his strong point. How well I remember the morning when, coming down the steps from Upper School, he said to me, "Easy paper, that divinity, wasn't it?" I replied, with habitual caution, that I hoped I had done pretty well, but that I hadn't been able to write much of a "short life of Pontius Pilate" (one of the questions set). "Well," said Joe, "I didn't know *much* of him either, but I thought I'd shew the examiners that I knew whom they meant, so I put down '*Pontius Pilate*,' *kept the bag*!"

That summer half of 1867 was favorable to Eton cricket; we stemmed the tide of Harrovian vic-

tories, which, in a one innings' wave, had swept over us for the past three years. And this, too, when I think Harrow was never stronger. Money, Hadow, Walsh, Penn, Gore, Chetwynd, and Graham were all good men, but that was the second and most brilliant year of C. J. Thornton, the most wonderful boy-hitter that any cricket field ever saw. I remember the first innings well. Eton won the toss, and sent to the wickets Higgins and Hay. Graham bowled a maiden to Higgins, and then it was Hay's turn to receive one of Money's dreaded slows. The first ball—to the consternation of the Light-bluebackers—bowled him clean, although he made up for it in his second innings by a first class 42. However, 0-1-0 on the telegraph looked very bad, when C. R. Alexander, our captain (and we never had a better), with infinite judgment, sent in C. J. Thornton.

I can see his loose figure now coming down the pavilion steps, cool as an iceberg, firm as a rock. The very first ball received he cut straight into point's hands, who dropped it like a hot potato, and that let off probably lost Harrow the match. At any rate Thornton scored 33 in the first innings and 47 in the second, and was ably backed up by Ottaway (his first year in the Eleven), Hay, Tritton, Alexander, and Walrond. We had

the advantage in the first innings of some 50 runs, and eventually put Harrow in for, I think, 265, of which they scored 70 for the loss of one wicket. We were beaten the next year by seven wickets, but then came a long line of victories, which remained unbroken till 1873.

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It has become the fashion, now-a-days, to speak in slighting terms of Latin verse composition. I do not know what else could have taken its place which would have been so generally useful. I certainly remember some funny versifications during my time at Eton, but these were the exception rather than the rule. Quite half a division did good honest work with their verses; the remainder, certainly, did not do much, but begged for whole 'made' verses, or heads or tails of such. I remember dear old Alex. Broughtup, who was not a born poet, and who could never manufacture a single verse, being in great tribulation about a speech he had to put into Proserpine's mouth soon after she had been spirited away to the nether world. He loafed hopelessly round the house saying "what in the world am I to make her say to Pluto?" P. Budd goodnaturedly said, "oh heres an ending—

‘ mi dire magister ’

and take as a beginning 'O Pluto.'" This was done, but, in another half hour, Alex. came back and vowed he could make no middle, rather reproaching his friend than otherwise for leaving him, so to speak, in mid air! "Well," says Budd, "put in three Plutos in a sort of entreating way." The which was accordingly done, and the verse stood as follows :—

"O ! Pluto ! Pluto !! Pluto !!! mi dire magister."

Another fellow, Home Purves, I remember, at my tutor's, who had *never* done a verse for himself in his life, was, one evening, triumphantly hauled down by my tutor to his study, and asked whether verse No. 9 in the copy was really his own work. Purves, with the utmost possible *sang froid*, read the particular verse, scanned it, hummed it to himself, and then said, "I do believe, Sir, I was told that verse." This so emboldened my tutor that he said, "And, if I am not mistaken, this eleventh verse is not your handy work." The same pantomime over again, and the same uncertain confession at the end of it. This was repeated through five or six lines ; at last, as if a discovery—immense as that of a new Continent—had been made, my tutor asks, "Is any one verse here your own?" No hesitation now, but Purves' answer comes cool,

calm, and distinct, "I'm afraid not, Sir." "Then, I shall complain of you." But no one liked complaining of his own pupils less than tutor; yet this was an extreme case, and he felt the law must take its course. Still, after prayers, he came up to Purves' room, and, says he, "Purves, I shall not relent." Yet a little while, and he returns and says the same words; again, as Purves was getting into bed, he was reminded in stentorian tones that all hope must be abandoned, and that there would be no relenting. Having made up his mind to the block, he (Purves) acquiesced in such decision, but was rudely awakened half an hour later to be told that "I have considered the case, and, in fact—in fact—I have relented!"

I remember, how frequently in our poems "the serene moon shone in the sky" and how often people kept running through "green woods and recesses of the groves," and also "over the broad fields." One fellow, I remember, made Charles II perform this latter feat after he had got down from his oak:—

"Descendens quercu lata per arva ruit."

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House theatricals were much in vogue at Eton in 1866-67; thereafter, they were dropped in favour of school plays, which took place in the old mathematical school in the football halves of 1868-69.

I believe no histrionic attempts were, or have been, made since that date. A certain, and small, section among the masters took a distaste for the drama, and it was decreed that there should be no more play-acting or subsequent cakes and ale at the Head-master's house, where, I remember, the actors were most hospitably regaled after a very successful performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1868.

I think it a great pity that theatricals have been abolished ; they did no harm, and some good, and it seems a churlish act on the part of so classical an abode of the Muses as Eton to renounce the Thespian art, and to kick off from its feet the time-honoured sock and buskin.

The second half I was at Eton we had some much-appreciated house theatricals, consisting of "Cool as a Cucumber" and "Whitebait at Greenwich," in which farces I played "Mary Wiggins" and "Lucretia Buzzard." I remember an amusing incident in connection with these theatricals. My tutor had written a prologue, of which he was justly proud, but the difficulty was to get a speaker who should do ample justice to the same. Our crack actor, Ronald Ferguson, was reading for the Indian Civil Service, and could not undertake to study more than his own parts, "Plumper" and "John

Small ;” and it so happened that our second star had committed some indiscretion in the matter of football playing in the passage, or something of the sort, and had been given a Georgic “*pœna*.” Overtures were made to him by my tutor, and the honours of the prologue-speaking proffered, but “Hossy” Campbell averred that the writing of a Georgic was incompatible with the studying or recital of the prologue. Eventually he won his case; the Georgic was excused, and “Hossy” recited the prologue with much success. It was in April when a late and severe flood had put an end to a little attempted early dry-bobbing; many of the lines remain in my memory; I quote the following two :—

“ In Upper Club the fish were *on the spot*
More than the bowlers—*they*, I fear, were *not*.”

When in England, in 1883, in visiting Dr. Welldon, then head-master of Dulwich, now head-master of Harrow, he recalled these theatricals to my recollection, and produced an old Thucydides, in which I had written him, in school hours, a promissory note for an admission-ticket to same, in return, I believe, for assistance in certain themes or verses. I shall have more to say of J. E. C. Welldon later on; we were together in division nearly the whole of my six years at Eton. I knew at the time that

he would make his mark in the world, and his career has certainly opened with sufficient brilliancy. Head-master of Harrow at the age of 30, he is not likely to depart thence without leaving his footprints on the sands of the place; and these cannot fail to be an heritage of sagacity and ability for those who come after him. Our house theatricals in the winter half were in nowise very remarkable. We played "Only a Half-penny" and "Ici on parle Français." Harry Tufnell made his first appearance on the boards as the bride in "Only a Half-penny," and I may safely say that a prettier girl has seldom stood before an altar. He played "Titania," a year later, with great success. *Eheu fugaces!* and, when we met two years ago, it would have been hard to reconcile (save for the same bright smile and blue eyes) the burly and bearded "Tuffy" with the fairy who, seventeen years before, had begged permission to coy Bottom's amiable cheeks. Ronald Ferguson came down from London and played Victor Dubois; and I cannot part in print from R. F. without recording a story of his regarding tutor. He always vowed, and, I believe, dear old tutor never contradicted, that, on one occasion, when the tutorial wish was to inflict a "pœna" of the "epistle to Augustus" on some boy, a curious slip was made. Tutor was at the

time engaged to be married; *amor omnia vincit*, and Hymen will even enter the pupil-room. Instead, therefore, of the peccant youth being condemned to do an epistle to Augustus, he was ordered to write out "an epistle to Miss Hamilton!"

I believe it was in "Ici on parle Français" that George Murray made his first appearance on any stage. How often he has since played, the annals of the A. D. C. and of Manchester private theatricals alone can tell. He was ever original and always funny, and made a great hit in *Thisbe* the next year. Looking back upon that first school-play of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I think it was creditably performed all round. Our best thanks were due to Mr. Frank Tarver, who was good as a coach and stage manager, and most painstaking in anything that had to do with theatricals.

Giff Tindal played "Bottom," and played remarkably well, too, for a boy. Frank Parker was "Quince;" George Murray, "Flute;" and Churchill, "Parson" Compton and myself the other three clowns. Poor Ottaway was "Theseus," and the prologue to the clown's play was admirably spoken by Conway Thornton, who played "Puff" fairly well in the "Critic" a year after. I do not think, however, that the performance of Sheridan's "best farce" was a

great success ; although Algy Whitmore was good as Tilburina, and George Murray very funny as a fat confidante.

.

Speeches in Upper School were an ordeal for any boy. An actor is born and not made, and most people feel “lumpy” and out of place in private theatricals, albeit disguised with decorative war-paint. But for the nervous youth, whom brains or superior age forced up into the sixth form, the case was far worse. I presume that our limbs are shaped, more or less, after the fashion of our forefathers ; but still I fancy, that, now-a-days, all men—let alone boys—would feel a little awkward in donning at 10 A.M., knee breeches and black silk stockings, and buckled shoes, and when to these were superadded an evening coat and waistcoat, the *tout ensemble*, though gentlemanly, was not one which was calculated to give confidence to a nervous orator.

Then again, instead of speaking from a stage, one had a square level space of about six feet allotted, in which to fret and fume, with an audience rising, not only to the right, left, and in front of one, but also behind one. A lanky schoolboy, of many cubits and no calves, could not but feel embarrassed in such a position, and I do not wonder that many

fellows selected Greek prose as a dainty dish to be set before our fair visitors on 4th June. It was the easiest way of getting over a difficulty, because (except in very extreme cases, say, *e. g.*, the denouncement of Catiline) little or no action was necessary, and you were, moreover, perfectly certain, that the more you skipped, and the sooner you came to an end of your unintelligible oration, the more pleased your audience would be.

Among good and *allowed* speeches I would recommend for recitation to any youthful aspirant "The Execution of Montrose" (an expurgated version, as the "Painted Harlot" and "Master Fiend Argyll" verses were always eliminated by the Head-master) and "The Burning of Drury Lane Theatre" from the rejected addresses.

Speeches, save on the 4th June, were never very carefully worked up, but popular orators were always sure of a warm welcome from their 4th form audience. George Murray and myself generally played together such dialogues as Falstaff and Prince Hal, Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute, etc., etc. I remember, on one occasion, we had been very remiss in the matter of committing to memory our respective parts, and, at the rehearsal the day before, we were severely censured by the Head-master in consequence. We, therefore, determined

to "stay out" the next morning, and to spend such leisure hour in working up our duet. In those days, it wasn't difficult to stay out. "In at chapel" or "not well" from a too tender-hearted matron was sufficient to allay all suspicion and burke further enquiry. On this particular occasion George had a pseudo-headache, and myself a quasi-toothache. The ruse answered well, and the speech was got through more or less creditably. At dinner, my tutor, addressing George with an air of sympathy, said: "And how's the toothache?" I shall never forget G. R. Murray's face as he ruefully answered, "Mine's not the toothache. Mac had the toothache. Mine was the headache." There seemed to have been almost a sense of pride in the possession of that once sore head!

.

Many things at Eton were called by misnomers, in the construction of which the *lucus a non lucendo* principle came out very strong. Thus, when we stayed in, we said we were "staying out;" when 'absence' was called, we had to be *present*; a *third* of a year was called a *half*, etc., etc. For every fifty boys who "stayed out," I don't believe that five had anything the matter with them. The particular morning's lesson had not been prepared, or the day was cold, or dark, or dreary, or a thousand and one

other equally good reasons presented themselves to the puerile mind. When we stayed out, we always fagged lower boys to purchase "luncheon cakes" for us, wherewith we regaled the in-coming friend.

In face of what is so often asserted to the contrary, I maintain that *very* little drinking ever went on at Eton, and as for boozing in outside public houses, that was a game absolutely unplayed. A few flash individuals used to patronise the Christopher and the White Hart, but the body of boys stuck to "*Tap*," and I never knew any harm to result from a visit to that grandly-conducted establishment. The best Welsh rabbit I have ever eaten, the best beer I have ever drunk, were both consumed in that little front room. And such a mine hostess as "Emily" was ! Though almost a dwarf, and quite a *bossue*, we all liked her, and I never heard of a boy daring to say a rude thing to her ; had he done so, his action would have been resented by all his companions, and some condign punishment would have been inflicted. We paid our bills, too, to Emily, with a regularity which, I'm afraid, was not accorded to other creditors. She died many years ago, and worthy Sergeant Hobbs reigned in her stead ; he, too, has now joined the majority, and his widow, I understand, keeps on the business. I hope the "tenpenny" is as good as it was wont

to be ; I shall make trial of the same at no distant date. About the most useful act of which I can boast is, that I was passively instrumental in bringing about the legalisation of Tap for fifth and sixth forms. Everybody went to Tap ; all the masters knew we went there, and (as dear old Buckstone used to say in one of his funniest farces about squeezing girls' hands in omnibuses) had "done it themselves." It was the last remnant of the old shirking system, and why it was not knocked on the head along with up town shirking ten years before, I do not know. Still to be nailed coming out of Tap was a grievous sin, and nailed I was, during the first week of my last football half, by one of the most unpopular of all the masters, a gentleman whom all old boys will identify if we call him "Pandemonium" Lesslight. He told me he should complain of me ; I expostulated on the ground that it was most probable that I should be made sixth form at that evening school, and that a complaint would retard my promotion. I pointed out respectfully that he needn't have seen me had he looked the other way, and generally urged that the least said would be soonest mended. Pandemonium, however, was not to be pacified, I was made sixth form at that evening school, and heard nothing of the matter for five or six

days ; then, after twelve o'clock school one day, I was called back by the Head, and told that a complaint had been lodged against me by Mr. Lesslight. Penitently I pointed out that I could see but little harm in the drinking of a glass of beer, and the Head - master then most kindly demonstrated that it was not so much in a sin of commission as in one of omission, that I had erred in that I had not taken proper steps to see that the coast in front of tap-door was clear. And so the matter ended, and, in another week, Tap was formally legalised for sixth and fifth forms, and I have never heard that any harm resulted from this very wise order. One of my last acts at Eton was in connection with Tap ; for G. R. Murray and I were asked, just before I left at Election 1872, to assist E. O. H. Wilkinson, captain of the Eleven, and R. B. Bloxam, captain of the boats, in the framing of some new rules for that house of entertainment. I never remember to have seen those rules published. Poor dear old "Peter Wilks !" (for so we used to call Wilkinson), we had six very happy years together, and a more unselfish spirit than his never came into this world. He was one of the best wicket-keepers we ever had, a fair bat, and a *very* good captain. He lost his life in the Transvaal, swimming across a river to help a

wounded soldier. I never saw a boy or man with a stronger sense of duty, and his death was a fitting sequel to his life. As of Jemmy Bludso, the Yankee skipper, so it might be said of Peter Wilks :—

“ He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And he went for it, thar and then,
And Christ, I think, won't be *too* hard,
On a man that has died for men.”

.

Etonians were always vehement and vigorous, though perhaps not equally intelligible with regard to their political views. I should say that quite ninety-five per cent. of us were, in those days, *blue* Tories, and the five per cent. balance was looked upon as something very “cheap” and mean. Elections were always times of great excitement with us, but, for fear of a repetition of some fights which had taken place in the Election of 1864, our enthusiasm was, by magisterial edict, pretty well confined to College. My tutor was a very advanced radical ; being a man of means (like Lord St. Aldgonde in “Lothair”) he could “afford to be.” It was a favourite saying of his, that “every boy was a conservative until he was twenty-five—after which age every wise man became a liberal ;” a somewhat arbitrary drawing of the line 'twixt boyhood and

man's estate, and between wisdom and folly. The calm assumption, indeed, that he alone was right, and that all, or nearly all, his old pupils and most of his master contemporaries were wrong, was almost suggestive of "Brother Tadger, this meeting is *drunk*," the sentiment of the intoxicated Stiggins (no reference whatever is here intended to the Revd. Charles Caldecott James).

At the Election of 1868, one Richardson Gardner represented the Conservative, and one Roger Eykin, the Liberal, interests. On the great day of the Election, while crowds were surging along Slough Road, a gigantic placard was seen to be hung out from the topmost pinnacle of the highest chimney on my tutor's house, exhorting the populace in general to "vote straight and plump for Richardson Gardner." Many of the multitude, knowing tutor's advanced opinions, were astounded at seeing such a political weathercock, so to speak, displayed from the housetop, and stood still to marvel, pointing out this new method of canvass to their friends. Presently quite a crowd had collected in front of the house ; some cheered and some hooted, and it was soon evident that there was every ingredient ready at hand for a first class fight.

Tutor, who was correcting verses in his study

overlooking the street, surprised at the noise, came hurriedly out. One look was sufficient, "*vidit et obstupuit.*" Then he pulled himself together, dashed into the house and upstairs, where he found Palmer Budd, a fellow of infinite jest and some daring, "staying out," stutteringly demanded if he were the culprit, received an affirmative, inflicted a Georgic, and then sought for his footman (or "little man" as was the generic term for this class of domestic at my tutor's), and bade him reach down the obnoxious placard. To hear in this case was, unfortunately, not to obey. "Little man" visited the roof, reconnoitred the position, felt his own weakness, and, coming down, confessed to tutor that he "dursna do it!" Here was a dilemma: the crowd was thickening; the clamour increasing. My tutor accepted the position, and saw that there was but one course clear. Negotiations were opened with Palmer Budd: "Georgic forgiven if placard removed" were the terms accepted. Budd fulfilled his part of the contract, removed the board, and with it the surging crowd in front of tutor's door.

And, while on the subject of my tutor's footmen, it behoves me to say that almost all our "little men" had special characteristics and idiosyncrasies which would have delighted a Charles Dickens. I remember one very devout, but particularly

bucolic, party, who seemed, literally, to have put his hand to the plough and turned back. He was ever slow in his responses at prayers, and, in one particular psalm, has left his mark, not only upon myself, but also on all my contemporaries. The verse to be repeated by the congregation was "Before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch." I'm afraid, we all hurried over this rather in order that we might hear (as we always did hear) one solitary, loud voice proclaim: "Hi say! bef-fore the morning watch!"

.

A taste for the drama will generally bring a boy or man to grief at some period of his life, and so it was with myself and some sixty others in the summer half of 1869. The grief was in the having to write out as a 'pœna' the Choœphorœ, a Greek play (herein lay the satire of the Head-master) by Euripides, consisting of 1,100 lines; and the "*fons et origo mali*" was an English play, entitled "The Orange Girl, or the Sea of Ice," performed one half-holiday at the Windsor Theatre Royal. The way the trouble came about was this: A travelling company had played on two or three occasions to an audience, mainly, if not entirely, consisting of Eton boys. The dramas began after absence at 3 o'clock, and ended before 6 o'clock absence, so

that there was no shirking, nor any breaking, of the rules on the part of those who witnessed these plays. Prices of admission were moderate, and the audience, I fear, on fine days, more than meagre; it is true that the histrionic performances were none of the best; but I presume that the actors in them wanted but little here below. In any case, after a fortnight's residence in Windsor, they were emboldened to hold out special attractions in the shape of "The Orange Girl, or the Sea of Ice." The whole (oranges and ice) to be produced on a scale of unrivalled splendour. The day for the play-acting dawned wet, and a good steady down-pour continued. The moisture was of course in favour of *Thespis*, but the masters were not. At eleven o'clock school (so-called because it began at about twenty-six minutes to twelve), a circular came round that no boy was to go to the Windsor Theatre in future.

As boys, we could not see the justice of this edict; the play had been allowed before, it might just as well have been allowed again for the last time on a wet day. So we argued, very improperly and very incorrectly, and very insubordinately, I admit, but boys will be boys, and after 3 o'clock absence I should think at least two hundred of us trooped up to the theatre. But black care, in the

shape of one Pearman, an inspector of police, had preceded us, and from a coign of vantage on the "hundred steps" had peeped through the umbrageous chestnuts, and seen us all enter the portals of the playhouse. When we were safely seated, Pearman returned to college, reported the birds as caged, and that the second drama might commence just as soon as the first drama was completed. Meanwhile, "regardless of our doom, we little victims played," or rather watched the play; we little knew what cruel fate awaited us, or that the present Head-master of Eton and the Revd. F. W. Cornish lay in ambush for our outcoming behind that very sharp turn in the High Street, which, on account of its acute angle and the consequent danger of being there nailed in shirking in old days, was somewhat flippantly termed "Damnation Corner."

The play is over, the green curtain has been dropped, and we leave the darkening theatre. Seniores Priores, and the three greatest swells present, Frank Broughtup, Johnny Rodger, and Byas, sally forth in the van; the fatal corner with the bad name is reached, and all is over. Then came such a "*sauve qui peut*," as I never saw before or since; I raced up to the Queen's Stables, and after lying *perdu* for sometime determined to try a descent by St. George's Chapel and the "hundred

steps," hoping, with some presence of mind, to induce those in authority whom I might meet to believe that I had been devoutly listening to a well sung anthem.

In the cloisters of the said chapel, but on the further side from which I was walking, I saw Mr. Cornish, who, knowing me at home, and also having cognisance of my theatrical tastes, addressed me by name, and asked if I had been to the theatre that afternoon. Far be it from me to say that honesty is not the best policy ; but still I do maintain that if I had made an evasive answer on this occasion, no possible proof as to my presence at the play could have been adduced, and my handwriting would not have been so puzzling to printer's devils throughout my life. However, I am thankful to say, I admitted at once that I had been to the theatre. Some sixty of us (out of which number I suppose ten were fairly nailed) were complained of. A full council sat on our case. I am told that certain masters advocated wholesale expulsion, but should be sorry to believe that this was actually the case. Anyhow a very serious view of the matter was taken, and we each had to write out the aforementioned Greek play, and to show it up by instalments of 100 lines at 1 P.M. and 5 P.M. on half-holidays, thus effectually debar-

ring our playing in any game or match for ten days. That we were disobedient I allow, but I humbly submit that the punishment exceeded the offence. My old Eton and Indian friend, Harry Gladstone, who was condemned with me on this occasion and on many others, still writes a crabbed Greek hand, which I entirely attribute to the enforced labour of the copying of the Choëphoræ.

Unlike the gentleman who married Miss Kilmansegg, we were not much given to “pugilistical knocks” during the six years I was at Eton. The only real mill I can call to mind was one between Sir Herewald Wake and a boy who rejoiced in the nickname of the “World,” while his two great pals were known as the “Flesh” and the “Devil.” I remember the names of all three, but have lost sight of them all for many years. I have little doubt, however, but that they all turned out well, and have done good work in the world, but, as a triumvirate, they were certainly not popular at school. The World was a smart dresser, tall, strong, good-looking, and, I fear, somewhat of a bully. Herewald Wake was shortish, thickset, and clumsy to look at, albeit like the redoubtable Benicia Boy as immortalised by the pen of Puck on Pegasus—

“In his chest it might be guessed
He had unpleasant strength.”

He was a good boxer, cool as a cucumber, and of course had the traditional pluck of all the Wakes ; what they fought each other for, I never could make out.

I believe the World threw a cherry stone at Wake, who resented such action, and flung a strawberry pottle—the equivalent to the bottle of claret his ancestor might have flung, into the mundane face. The World, incensed, demanded if Wake would take a licking, and a fight was arranged to come off at Philippi the next day on a short “after 4.” A large number of spectators, myself included, had assembled; and the pugilists had just put in an appearance, when Mr. Wolley-Dod and another master were descried in the distance. There was a general stampede, and no fight came off that day. On the following afternoon, however, there was a tremendous mill between these two in a strawyard on the Slough Road, just beyond Upper Club. I am thankful to say that I did not attend the show. But I happened to see the World conducted back to his Dames, and the spectacle was gruesome. The punishment inflicted had been very considerable, and I do not think the World appeared in public for quite a fortnight. The bruising baronet was almost untouched. This was the only fight of any consequence that I remember, and I think

it was a good thing that the fashion was dying out. Fighting in general, and the Prize Ring in particular, have (like duelling) had their day ; in that day they may, or may not, have done some good, but the dog is dead and had better be quietly buried, nothing in the shape of an attempted resurrection would be beneficial. By all means let every Briton acquire the art of self-defence, and be able to use his fists, *on occasion* ; but I have the greatest possible dislike to seeing men go through the world with their fists doubled, ready at any moment to rain down blows on the wrangling cabman or the blasphemous bargee.

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I wonder why so many of us—at some period of our schoolboy life—used to try and smoke. I presume the act was committed in pure “cussedness,” and, of a truth, in nine cases out of ten, it bore its own pallid punishment along with it. I was just fifteen when I first made the attempt. I had been up on short leave to say goodbye to a sister who was starting for India. She drove me to Paddington, and after a sorrowful parting, I was left to my own sad thoughts. I suppose (like Salvation Yeo) I was of opinion that tobacco was a panacea for all evils, and so purchased two big black cigars for the sum of eight pence a piece. Then I got into

a smoking carriage, and lit up. Five minutes after, as the train was leaving the station, that awful feeling of green faintness came over me. I chucked away the loathsome weed, and sank back in a comatose state. The carriage was full, and the windows were shut, so that, by the time the train had reached Windsor, a nicotian atmosphere pervaded the apartment, which could have been comfortably cut with a blunt pair of scissors. I had the mortification of feeling that, while I was impregnated with other people's tobacco, I could not say I had not smoked: so I strolled down to my tutor's, sick in soul as in body. I knew how my jacket smelt, and how even each particular hair was pervaded with the smell of smoke. As I was taking off my clothes, I heard my tutor coming along the passage, and feeling too seedy to contest the point of my absolute or comparative guilt that night, I jumped into bed, hastily blowing out the candle. There never were such wicks as were in those Eton candles for the retention of a spark, and my particular dip on this occasion was no exception to the rule. There the abominably tell-tale spark shone out in the surrounding blackness, "clear as a star when only one is shining in the sky." I don't know whether dear old tutor saw it or not: I discerned it very distinctly through

my three-quarter closed eyes. "Mac," says my tutor, after a pause, during which, I presume, his lungs were pretty well asphyxiated with tobacco smoke, "are you asleep?" No answer. "Are you asleep?" Heavy breathing now sufficiently audible. "Mac, *are* you asleep?" Then stertorous snoring, betokening slumber as heavy as that of the seven sleepers all rolled into one, boomed through the room; and I shall never forget tutor's Parthian shaft-like remark as he left me. "Well, Mac, as I see you are asleep, in fact, goodnight." The next evening tutor came and found me sitting on my bed, clothed, and in my right mind. He would never punish a boy if he could help it, and was always most specially kind to my unworthy self. Thus he addressed me: "Last night, when I came into your room, there was a vile smell of smoke; now I cannot bring myself to believe that you had been smoking; in fact, in fact" (and during this part of the speech he was, in effect, edging towards the door) "I'll not believe it, I'll not believe it," and, having conquered his own unworthy (?) suspicions, the good man dashed out of the room. It was a lesson to me though, and I do not think I smoked much afterwards.

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Mathematics were never generally popular with

Eton boys, and the professors of that science never gained from us the same respect that was paid to classical masters. Some of the mathematical masters (and indeed one classical, who shall be nameless) led dogs' lives at the boys' hands.

"Marshy" Brewer, in particular, was always set upon in a most unjustifiably brutal manner, for he was a man of mild and trusting character, and would, I'm sure, in private life, have been found to be of a cheerful, if not hilarious, nature. Why boys, who would have scorned to tell a lie to a classical master, should have descended to utter falsehoods to him, I could never understand, yet so it was. "Smith, where is your extra work?" "The maid tore it up this morning, Sir, by mistake." Poor Mr. Brewer's sad reply was ever the same, "*I'll take your word for it, but I won't believe you,*" and there is much more in this sentence than one takes in at the first glance. Mr. Brewer knew that Smith was a liar, and, being himself truthful, could not even pretend to believe his (Smith's) word, which he nevertheless accepted, hoping that whatever was still good in Smith's character might thereby be called into a livelier state of being. I remember one day Marshy Brewer and Mr. Grouse, another mathematical master of very different disposition, were coming

down the street together. As they passed a knot of boys, a fellow in the Eleven (who has before been mentioned in these sketches) muttered audibly and insultingly, "Marshy Brewer." Mr. Grouse flew at him, asked him to repeat the words, as he (Mr. Grouse) meant to complain of him for impertinence. The mutterer merely said, "What words, Sir? When you came up, I was saying that Mr. Warre was a '*mighty thrower*.'" There was an *idem sonans* ring about the two phrases, which could not be gainsaid, and the matter had to be passed over; but I don't think the escape from punishment was one on which the mutterer could be very warmly congratulated.

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The classical masters at Eton were, and are, as fine a body of men as is to be found in England. They had all been Eton boys themselves, and therefore had intelligent sympathy and patience with their pupils; and without such patience and sympathy no possible good could be effected at Eton. The masters to whom I felt I owed most at the time, and who I know have most influenced my after-life, were Messrs. Dupuis, Day, Wolley-Dod, Joynes, and Johnson. As I have nothing but good to say of each and every one of them I have no hesitation about giving their real names.

I was only up to Dupuis in school for a very short time ; I took Upper Fourth, and was under him for a month when he sent me up to Lower Remove. I recollect, therefore, very little of his classical teaching, but his whole character, that of modest strength, has always seemed to be most admirable. He was a magnificent specimen of a muscular Christian, and in his day could have had few superiors at cricket or football. He knew more of the science of cricket (Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell not excepted) than any man I ever met, and as a "coach" in the game was second to none. His untiring and unselfish labours in Upper Club met with a meet recompense of reward in 1869 and subsequent years. He was an absolutely *straight* man, body and soul, and I wish there were more like him. I was reminded of one of his favourite remarks in the cricket field a few years ago. When playing at Eastbourn, Archie Bovill (an old contemporary who played in the Eton Eleven in 1871) bowled me with a ripper, and the only sympathy he accorded me as I walked crest-fallen back to the pavilion, was—"Dupuis would have said, Mac, you didn't play at the ball, but where you thought the ball would be." If the ball was watched, aye, and the bowler's hand too, a bit more carefully, wickets would be still harder to get

on a good ground than they are at the present moment.

The Revd. Russell Day was the most agreeable and entertaining Gamaliel at whose feet I ever sat. He was wondrously witty, and had the keenest sense of humour ; as a *raconteur* of good things he was unrivalled, and if his bodily strength had been greater, might have been most successful in any profession. He was full of epigrams. I may perhaps be excused for reproducing here a witty verse of his, which appeared, I think, some years ago, in a book called "Seven Years at Eton ;" it was on the occasion of the marriage of a cousin of his to a Miss Weeke, and ran as follows :—

“ A *day* the more, a *week* the less,
Yet time must not complain ;
There’ll soon be little days enough
To make a week again.”

Though always in wretched health, Mr. Day’s pluck was undefeated, and his patient endurance of pain and powerful handling of a division cannot fail to have left their mark on many boys who had the good fortune to learn under him.

The Revd. Charles Wolley-Dod was a towering man, who, throughout my time at Eton, lived in a towering mansion. I never knew any one who courted popularity less, and yet he was undoubtedly popular both with boys in his house and division.

He was an admirable fisherman and "punter," and a great lover of natural history—to these was super-added much classical lore, and much power of imparting the same to boys. I never knew Mr. Wolley-Dod unjust or unduly severe on any boy. He used to try and make school palatable to us, and on very hot summer afternoons we used to adjourn to his garden, and construe away "*sub tegmine fagi*" lying prone with our faces dipped in heliotrope and mignonette. There used to be in that garden, I remember, a tortoise, and many a time have my old friend, Harry Gladstone, and myself, hunted him. We have often spoke of that tortoise in after-life.

Mr. Wolley-Dod had strange ideas of the proper pronunciation of classical names. Scipio with him became Skipio, and Cicero, Kikero. He may have been right, or he may have been wrong. At any rate his ideas were better than the wishy-washy Italian style of pronunciation, which I am told is coming, or has come, into vogue, and which converts those grand old words, "*veni, vidi, vici*," into 'weany, weedy, weaky'!

Au reste, Mr. Wolley-Dod was a man of much discernment. He was the first master who ever "sent me up for good," and I shall always think of him with kindly feelings.

The Revd. J. L. Joynes is still at Eton, and long may he there continue. He is a prop and stay of the school. I don't believe any boy who ever came into contact with him but liked and respected him. I know that if we had tried to be more like him, we would have been better boys and men. Mr. Joynes was all smiles and all good-nature to those who were honest in their work and play; but he had a biting tongue for the sluggard and sneak, and woe betide the boy who came in for his sarcasm. One of his favourite quotations (and a better one could not be found in this age when superficiality is encouraged, and a general cram considered a consummation devoutly to be wished) used to be, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, drink deeply, but sip not the Pierian spring."

Mr. W. Johnson, I considered (when I was up to him, and have since seen no reason to change my opinion) the cleverest, best informed, and most original man in the world. He was very short-sighted, and had bushels of peculiarities, but could hold his own with the most unruly set of boys ever sent up to him. He was won't to keep up a kind of rambling and running commentary on the subject in hand, and was decidedly unsophisticated and colloquial in dealing with pious personages of the past. He would break in suddenly as some

boy was translating an epistle of St. Paul's, "Ha! St. Paul. Hum! What do you think of him? Most respectable party, no doubt, but rather fanatical, rather crazy in my opinion." Or again, "*ἀσώτια*, that means excess! *not* the getting jolly well drunk once a month, which does the British workman good, but a perpetual fuddling—such as you fellows indulge in when you go up to Oxford. That's *excess*, and very beastly it is." Mr. Johnson was full of hospitality and lavish kindness to his own particular friends (I had almost written favourites!). He was a great giver of picnics and water-parties.

To one's tutor one owes everything at Eton, if one leaves in any way a debtor to the school. The tutorial system is the very salt and breath of Etonian life, and the moral and social good effected by tutorial contact and influence can, I believe, be hardly over-rated. I think, indeed I know, that all my tutor's fellows will agree with me now, as we did agree then, that tutor was one of the best and worthiest of men. He worked on through the world sticking to "the trivial round, the common task" (which I have often thought since to a man of his talents and tastes must have been an awful grind!), and was ever ready to give advice and help to a peccant pupil. He was a living

monument of Charles Kingsley's grand sentiment :

“ Do the thing that's nearest,
Tho' its dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.”

It was a great pity that my tutor left Eton so early. The radical spirit of change, however (of which he himself was so great an advocate in *theory*), swept over the place, and the practical effect of same was to drive out as competent a classic, as true a tutor, and as kindly a gentleman as Eton ever reckoned amongst her sons.

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“ Pop ” was a great institution, and oh ! the delight of hearing that one had been elected a member of that celebrated Debating Society. Pop was something like a club, and something like a *very* select House of Commons ! I can't say that I ever heard many speeches there worth listening to, save from the lips of Welldon. I remember him, on one occasion, opening a debate in condemnation of Warren Hastings, and speaking with much ability and perfect fluency for a whole hour on his subject. I had the honour of leading the opposition, and had to reply when Welldon sat down ; but argument in debate was never a strong point of mine, and, having in nowise worked up

the subject, I felt quite unequal to the occasion. However, as an Anglo-Indian, I felt I must say something in favour of him who did so much to create our Empire in the East ; so blandly told my audience that it would take too much time to tear to shreds every fallacious argument of Mr. Well-don's, but that I, personally, had not been in the least convinced by the "dogmatic tautology" of the last speaker ! On a division, we had a strong majority *in favour* of Warren Hastings !

I hope debates are carried on with more debating power now-a-days, but I confess, in my time, the speeches made were hardly such as would have compelled the spirit of Demosthenes to curl and writhe with envy. I sometimes think that we might have spent our time more profitably than in sitting in a stuffy low room, arguing very gravely "whether Queen Elizabeth was justified in putting to death Mary, Queen of Scots," or "what in the world this country would have done had we had all Charles the Firsts and no Oliver Cromwells." In this latter debate, the general sense of the House used to be that we would have got on very well indeed ! The writing out of our speeches, too, in a book afterwards was generally of a skimped and garbled nature, and we used to pass on the book to the orator who had succeeded us (and whose

name, let us say for the sake of euphony, was Mr. Brown near in his sight) with an opening line as follows :—

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη

Mr. Brown with his eyeglass,
which passed for wit, and certainly scanned well
as a hexameter.

Herbert Gladstone (the “twopence” of early days) was in Pop with me, and out of a tender deference to his filial feelings, no grand old debates on nineteenth century politics were allowed. Methinks he must have found in after-life that the outside world was by no means so particular as to stamping upon his corned toes !

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Eton shopkeepers must have had a good time of it, but I fear, as a class, they were improvident, for I never heard of any one of them retiring with a fortune. I am not here going to weary my readers with oft-told anecdotes and old-world stories of Spankey, and of Levi, and of Bryan—the great wall “*sock*” men ; nor am I about to argue on the respective excellencies of Webbers and Barnes. I think, however, that old Brown has never been made enough of, and his tarts with cream, and hot-buttered buns, must ever be remembered with a smacking lip. Brown was a great character, but

his temper was acrid. Brown-baiting was, at one time, as favourite a pursuit with us, as was bear-baiting with a former generation. I have seen old Brown pursue one of his tiny tormentors with his sandwich knife, and a very fearsome weapon that was: the blade must have been nearly eighteen inches long, worn to a point like a cobbler's knife, and keen as a razor. "Brown-baitings" were, at length, forbade by a magisterial edict. Brown's sandwiches used to be of two sorts. Those made with white and those with brown bread, and a very favourite and unfailing draw used to be to ask simply for "a sandwich," without specifying the colour of the article required. The snappish answer elicited was always the same, "If you don't say one or t'other, I don't give you neither." Poor rum old cross-grained Brown! I wonder if you still stand behind the counter in that dingiest of shops; wherever you be, I doubt not that you pursue the old avocation; you could not exist, I believe, even in a future world, without that long thin knife in your hand. May be you are now cutting sandwiches, brown or white, for Elysian customers, or filling sliced hot buns with butter, for Charon's passengers, on Stygian banks.

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What marvellous memories Eton shopkeepers

have ! No doubt, the recollection of old faces, and of the names appertaining to same, is a most valuable item in their stock-in-trade. I don't think I have been into "Kitty" Fraser's (the tobacconists) a dozen times in my life. "Kitty's" dark-eyed and dark-haired niece, Mary, was ever present in the shop, and her memory is marvellous as the following story will go far to prove. Strolling up town with Alex. Broughtup, during the summer half of 1883, he wanted to get some cigarettes, so we went into Kitty Fraser's together. Mary, on whose cheek time had breathed very lightly, said at once "How do you do, Mr. Mac?" Alex., who has a long red beard (which, in ages past, would have done credit to a Druid), said, "You don't remember my name, I'm sure, Mary." "Oh yes, I do, Mr. Broughtup," cries the imperturbable Mary, "and we've got your name down in our books for nine and ninepence on account some cigarettes you bought in 1876." Alex. thought the matter over, admitted the claim as just, and paid up half a sovereign ! Little Mary's memory should be her fortune.

Old William Martingell, too, has a wonderful power of recollecting old friends who once were younger. We used, in the days when I played in Middle Club, to call him "Rosy," on account of

a horse called Rosicrucian, on which Martingell was very sweet, and on which he pinned his faith, if not his shirt! for the Derby of 1868. Blue Gown, however, carried off the blue ribbon of the turf that year, and we lost our faith in "Rosy" as a sporting prophet, even as he had lost his money. Seeing the dear old man in Upper Club two years ago, I went up to him, and said, "Martingell, why didn't Rosicrucian win the Derby in 1868?" "Rosy," who was rosier than ever about the gills, but otherwise not much changed, looked at me for a moment, then spanked one hand into the other, and cried "Lor' bless me if t'aint Mr. Mac!" We were always very good friends, and many valuable lessons in cricket did I receive at William Martingell's hands. He used to say, "Try and play every ball, Sir, as if you were playing it to the off side;" I would impress this golden hint on all young players; if they try and carry it out, they will find that they are playing with *very* straight bats, and that that indispensable left shoulder is *very* well forward. Bennett and Frank Silcock were the other two professionals in my time, and three better or more respectable cricket coaches it would have been hard to find.

In 1869 we won our first victory for seven years over Harrow, beating them in one innings and by

19 runs. Poor Ottaway made 108, and Sam Butler and Maude bowled admirably. The next year was one of the most exciting matches I can remember, and was won *simply* by the magnificent fielding of our Eleven in the second innings. George R. C. Harris (now Lord Harris and Under-Secretary for India) was our captain. Harrow had made over 200 runs in the first innings, and we put them in to make only some 135 runs, I think at their second attempt. They were a very strong batting lot, and our bowling was weak, so that it seemed likely to go hard with the Light-blues. Fielding, however, won us the match by 21 runs. I have seen Oxford and Cambridge Elevens field magnificently, and the Australians are hard to beat in this respect, but never have I seen anything *better* than our Eleven on that memorable day. Poor Frank Pickering at cover point, Rhodes at longstop, Cammell at point, Tabor and Arthur Lyttelton as long legs, and Harris himself at, I think, mid on, left nothing to be desired. I have always looked back on that afternoon as one of the pleasantest and most exciting in my life.

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Valete !

And now I have come to the last page in my little sketchy memories. Friends asked me to write

and it has been a real pleasure and refreshment to do so. I can only trust that the reading may not be boresome to old Etonians. "*Virginibus puerisque canto*," which being interpreted signifies that I have only written for Eton boys and their sisters. These sketches might have been prolonged, and probably would have been "*ad nauseam*," had I not received a somewhat unexpected message to start for England—once again to see Eton and those who are even dearer to me than the dear old school. I am painfully conscious of the egotism already displayed in these pages, and yet it is difficult in personal memories to keep self altogether in the back ground. In any case, I should like to adduce one more proof of my love for the old school and my absolute adherence to, and belief in, her education and doctrines. My boy was born in India in 1879 (November), and within a month his name was down to enter my dear old friend R. C. Radcliffe's house in January 1893!

Critics may carp, and radicals may rail, and I am free to confess that an Eton oppidan's teaching may not be a *paying* one, so far as pounds, shillings and pence are concerned, in the matter of a scholarship or an exhibition, but are such the be-all and end-all of a father's hopes and wishes? I trow not. Hear the words of Charles Kingsley recorded

in a letter to Mr. Alex. Scott.—“In my eyes the question is not what to teach, but how to educate ; how to train, not scholars, but men : bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous.”

I am furthermore prepared to argue that the average oppidan possesses more knowledge of classical and English literature than nine out of ten other public school men one meets.

I will only say in conclusion that I trust the present and the future generation of Eton boys may think as highly of their school, and as gratefully acknowledge the pleasures and benefits derived throughout life therefrom as all past Eton boys have done. And so, my dear old pals, as the Blue Peter is flying at the foremast, let us westward ho ! and away, but one cup at parting ; once more let us drink the toast beloved of all others—

FLOREAT ETONA.

